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Editors of The Spectator

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# Three Found Dead in Chem Lab

## S. S. Proposes Male Auxiliary; Sadie Hawkins Discredited

**The Silver Scroll, Seattle College women's sewing organization, announces this week a drastic change in policy.**

At the last meeting, presided over by Alberta Greive, the only pledge, it was decided by unanimous vote to discontinue for the duration of the war, the traditional Sadie Hawkins celebration.

The exigencies of war time, however, have forced the organization to discontinue this activity. Alberta Greive, in her official statement to the press, presented the reasons for this grave change in policy.

for us to enter into competition with the great war machinery of the United States. We feel that it is our patriotic duty not to give pursuit to the men who are now so eagerly sought as the pride and joy at the local draft boards. We are only too willing to step aside and let the draft boards take over the chase."

## I.K.'s Hold Grand Feast Day Dinner—Present Flag Pole

Climaxing sixteen months of search, the Wigwam Chapter of the Intercollegiate Knights will at 11:50 this morning present to the assembled ASSC the flag pole so long awaited. Edward Kohls, in charge of production announces that, due to the lumber shortage, a sapling fir tree will be planted in the front lawn and expressed the hope that several years hence an appropriate flag pole will result.



Thrilling and startling is the news from the I.K. camp this week. Grand Juke Ayres announces that yesterday—April Fool's Day — the I.K.'s celebrated their feast day. The chancellor of the Exchequer James Layman, having carefully checked and rechecked the funds, made an allotment of twenty cents (\$.20) to provide for the festivities — Tootsie Rolls for all members.

This Space  
Is For People  
Who Can't Read

## GREAT PRIZE CONTEST

**50 Mills — Award — Two Tax Tokens**  
to be presented to the student  
who discovers within these hallowed walls  
**THE LITTLE MORON**

Jackson T. Wattleford, president of the All-Knights-Roll-of-Lead-Parchment Club, announces a gigantic contest that will entice every member of Seattle College to join in the hunt. He wants to find the one, the original, the only **LITTLE MORON**. Competent investigators have informed the **SPECTATOR** that such a person is in our midst and Jackson T. will not rest until he finds **THIS FAMOUS PERSON**.

## Maybe Incognito

Jackson has evidence to show that said moron is running around in disguise. He was quite baffled, in fact almost stupefied, when he saw so many prospects for the honor. **Many were freshmen, others sophomores, others juniors, others seniors. There were even some students.** Jackson was amazed at first when he saw so many of his prospective morons with books. He thought the disguise most ingenious, but he was bored when they continued to carry them every day. Such a repetition shows a downright lack of originality.

### Special Committee to Scour Clubs

J. T. Wattleford will soon appoint a special committee to investigate the various student clubs, believing that many prospects may be hidden within their protection. He is hiring students who have had long experience in dealing with people of moronic tendencies. Seniors will probably be the most likely candidates, said Jackson T. **No experience is necessary at being a moron, but those who have put in a few years as freshmen should be able to detect the morons because of their acquaintance with the upper classes.**

### Purpose of Contest Exposed

After several hours of gruelling questioning honorable Wattleford broke down and told the reporter the real purpose of the contest.

It seems that Wattleford has ambitions to rival Cecil B. DeMille, Max Rheinhardt and fellow exhibitionists. With the Little Moron in his possession Jackson T. will be able to put on the greatest spectacle of all times. Think of the millions who would wait breathless until the Little Moron spouted his wisecracks over the air, packed theatres with his beautiful moronic love-making in the cinemas. Such a thrill. We sincerely hope that Jackson T. finds his little prize. **The immense advantage of having an educated moron, says Jackson T., would be apparent to all.**

Tony: "There are fifty bars in town and I'm proud to say I've never been in one of 'em."

I suppose you heard about the three little pigs that left home. Their old man was an awful bore.

"Say, Joe, who was that lady I saw you outwit last night?"

**S.C. Opera Co.  
Presents B. of S.**

Last night in a production by the Seattle College Grand Opera Company several top-notch opera stars presented the "Barbara of Seville" at the Casey council room. Appearing with Helen Traubel and Giovanni Martinelli were Lou DeLateur as the happy barber who arranges a romance between the disguised duke, **Hank Carey**, and **Betty Bischoff**, the daughter of the old doctor. The foiled suitor, **Gene Brown** was excellent in his portrayal of an old politician of the city who was duped out of a bride.

The chorus for the opera was composed of the **Knights of the Wigwam** who generously offered their services for the evening.

Included in the capacity audience for the affair were the **Governor of the state, the Mayor of Seattle and Kay Deloughery**, president of Bordeaux Hall.

The Seattle College Grand Opera Company is now greatly in demand and has received offers from **New York, Chicago, and the Boy Scout Troop at Camp Parsons.**

As soon as the members of the opera company have attended a few more of Mr. Aklin's opera classes, they will begin production of Wagner's Lohengrin.

;sekirtS ydegart mehC  
yoCcM ,naroH ,tneraP  
stcepsuS uldrhsnioatE sA dleH

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1943.** Authorities today were checking carefully each inch of the Seattle College chemistry labs in an effort to identify the three stricken victims found asphyxiated there yesterday afternoon, and to track down the culprit. A school-wide search is being conducted for the latter and police promise to apprehend the guilty party before morning.



Little is known of the strange vapors which struck the Chemistry labs striking down the students as they worked. It is believed to be a mercaptin sulphur compound, this gluconic acid and recognizable by the characteristic odor which is that secreted by angry skunks.

Though police have been tracing every clue, victims remained unidentified this morning. Though others were working nearby at the time no one is able to tell who the mysterious victims are. One white-haired man was revived and was recognized as **Thomas Lyons** former professor at the College who has lately dropped to the rank of Freshman student. Because of this singular situation he is being investigated to see if it was possible that he might have caused the vapors and been overcome before making his escape. Other explanations as to his presence in a Freshman class have proved inadequate. When questioned about the tragedy, Mr. Lyons responded, **"I have nothing to say without my lawyers advice."** He was released on his own recognition.

Three other suspects who have been apprehended are: **Robert Parent, 21**; **Mimi Horan, 18**; and **Billy McCoy, 20**, otherwise known as Bill McCoy, alias William McCoy. Though the first two are without previous records of misdemeanors, the latter has a long record of petty crimes. At the time he was apprehended, however, he was performing the innocent task of preparing a simple chemical, quite unrelated to that which killed the gas victims. It is 1,4,3, methyl isopro-

According to doctor's reports, the bodies had been lying there for about an hour before discovery. After that time the chemical-filled smoke of the labs would have started decomposition, and this was not the case. Moreover, one of the bodies had not absorbed any of the smell of the lab, which generally occurs in this time and which becomes much more distinct after that time. It was this almost indistinguishable smell of one of the victims clothes that has made him the source of much discussion in police circles. Relatively few burns on his bands and a complete lack of the holes, yellow and black spots which are readily found on the clothing on the usual chemistry student mark him as an outsider.

Several people working nearby during the occurrence suffered no ill-effects. The doctor's report states the deaths are due to a hardening of the tissue of the lungs as a result of constant exposure to deadly gases. Latest clue in the tragedy came last night when passengers questioned stated that recently they have experienced fits of coughing when near the lab doors and several stated that they have found it advisable to avoid the building altogether. The odors, they stated, are often quite overpowering and the vapors



# ODE TO AN ACHING ARCH

Dancing is a sport which I am beginning to deplore  
More and more.  
As a sport it has nothing to commend it,  
Because as far as the dance itself is concerned, fair play is  
farthest from the thoughts of those who attend it.  
I'm afraid I haven't got what it tex,  
And this is largely due to the outrageous conduct of the op-  
posite sex.  
It has been truly stated that the female of the species is more  
deadly than the male.  
What has been hit in this statement is the head of the nail.  
I know that there is a popular superstition to the effect that it  
is the man who leads,  
But I think it is a fifty-fifty proposition: she kicks him around  
fifty per cent of the time and the other fifty per cent he  
bleeds.  
Now some excuse may be made for dancing in the name of  
grace,  
But such dancing is rapidly being pushed into second place.  
The modern dancer is a wierd example of humanity,  
And serious doubts are being roused as to her sanity.  
It is safer to disturb the abode of a hornet  
Than to waltz near a floor with a jitterbug on it  
Such an exhibition is indescribable,  
And if I exercise an honest opinion someone would sue me  
for libel.  
The waltz itself is far from sweet,  
Because most females persist in riding around on your feet.  
Now I prefer to dance dutch—  
With her on her feet and me on my feet and not on a crutch,  
And in the future such femmes had better go around honking  
horns,  
Because a formal note of resignation has just been tendered  
by my corns.  
Every Ball is a nightmare abated by liniment,  
And the results of a dance are as drastic as those obtained by  
the introduction of a small boy to a package of Feen-a-  
mint.  
Now I admire honest sweat,  
But honest sweat from dancing is what I don't get.  
What I do get from dancing as a retribution for my sins  
Is splintered shins.  
And this I've learned through bitter experience;  
The coy Misses kick harder than those more toughened in  
appearance.  
And there isn't a doubt I bet  
That she packs an awful wallop if she hasn't come out yet  
The sultry sirens may have a gleam in their eye and a shiv up  
their sleeve, but they know their onions,  
And by this I mean that they manage to circumnavigate my  
bunions.  
Right now I'm going to close on a withering note of scorn for  
the entire female gender:  
If the next clumsy femme doesn't offer an immediate apology  
a black eye is what I'm going to lender.  
Furthermore in the next traffic jam I'm going to dent HER  
fender,  
And it will take two filling-station attendants and a garage me-  
chanic to mender!

over! Being a kindly soul, I  
stoop gracefully over in ex-  
actly the correct position to be  
**kicked sprawling on my deli-  
cate features by the fiend's  
only too willing stooge.** The  
jeering shrieks of "April  
Fool!" still ringing in my ears,  
I plunge blindly on, neglecting  
to return even for my teeth  
On and on I go, **floundering  
over stretched wires, breaking  
innumerable toes on brick-  
filled hats, smelling camo-  
flaged squirt guns, and ans-  
wering gremlin-rung door  
bells.**  
The day is o'er. The sun is  
sinking on our ravaged hero-  
ine, dying peacefully in her  
padded cell, the memory of  
the still body of the last  
human to call her on April  
Fool fading slowly into the  
deepening twilight.  
**Moral—He who shalt call his  
brother a fool  
Should be put to death by  
the handiest tool.**

**April Fool's Day!**  
What I wouldn't give to  
have the instigator of that un-  
holy twenty-four hours in my  
clutches for one short mo-  
ment! Just long enough in  
fact to get by hands well situ-  
ated on his infamous neck!  
I can usually get through the  
first few hours of **incessant  
oe tying and looking for non-  
existent bugs,** but when the  
day is in full swing, I began  
to weaken. After innocently  
opening the sixth door and be-  
ing **awash in the sixth bucket  
of water,** I show the first signs  
of insanity. (I suppose the  
happy days of buckets full of  
water will seem like heaven  
this year, however,—too many  
people are going to utilize  
their sand bags.  
I pick myself and my teeth  
up, turn sadly away, only to be  
confronted by a beguiling  
creature begging me to pick  
up her purse—she has lum-  
bago and simply **can't bend**

John: "Do you know who  
Homer was?"  
Bill: "Sure, he was the fel-  
low Babe Ruth Made famous!"  
Harvard Man: "Who knock-  
ed on my door just now?"  
Janitor: "It was me."  
H. M. to second H. M.:  
"What is he trying to say?"



"How about a date?"  
"Indeed, no!"  
"Oh, I didn't mean now. Some nasty wet afternoon when  
nobody else is in town."

Mother: "Sonny, don't use  
such bad words."  
Son: "Shakespeare used  
them."  
Mother: "Well don't play  
with him."

"I shall illustrate what I have  
in mind," said Mr. McMurray  
as he erased the board.

And then there was the new-  
ly hired grade school teacher,  
who was making conversation  
the first day of school. She  
had just come to the little town  
of Stump Holler, Georgia, and  
was asking questions about the  
thriving little town. It went  
something like this:

"Mary, who gave us this new  
school house?"

"Why, teacher, you know  
that — Mr. Roosevelt, of  
course!"

"Now, Billy, tell me who  
gave us the new post office  
and that new road, which you  
use to come to school every  
morning?"

Even Billy, the dunce, knew  
this, "Mr. Roosevelt, teacher."

Running out of buildings to  
talk about, the new teacher  
then asked little Mary Jones  
who had given the beautiful  
grove of trees that were in  
front of the school.

"Mother Nature", came the  
reply.

With this, up popped Johnny  
who cried, "Teacher, throw  
that d Republican out of  
here!"

# REVIEWS AND PREVIEWS

By TED MITCHELL

This week, just to fool you lucky people, we will review a book cur-  
rently popular. Twice it has been featured as the Book-of-the-Month  
and according to other reviewers no home is complete without it. The  
name of this muchly over-rated bit of April foolery is "The Cliff Tragedy"  
by Eileen Dover (I Leaned Over).

Miss Dover, in this charming autobiography, laments: "Life to me  
is a pickle barrel and I'm getting a dirty dill." She illustrates this further

by enlightening incidents from her  
childhood: "I once started to run  
away thinking my mother would  
care but I soon found out when she  
started wrapping my lunch in road  
maps."

While in college, Miss Dover's  
first romance with a Harvard stu-  
dent was shattered — taking her  
home one night he found a Yale  
lock on her door. When Miss Dover  
did marry she remarked: "A wed-  
ding is just like your funeral only  
you can smell the flowers."

Frosh: "I don't think I de-  
served a zero."

Mr. McLane: "Neither do  
I, but it's the lowest mark I'm  
allowed to give."

Says the father to prospec-  
tive son-in-law: "The boy who  
gets my daughter will certainly  
get a prize."

Prospective: "May I see it,  
please?"

The best things in life may  
be free but money buys a lot  
of good substitutes.

We're broom mates,  
We sweep together  
Dust we two.

"What is youth?"  
"I'm a thophomore."

## ASK THE STOKER



"BRING ON THAT  
ICE-COLD COCA-COLA"



"NOTHING ELSE  
LIKE IT"



"Letters come from war plant managers  
telling how a pause for Coca-Cola is  
welcomed by workers. If you had to  
stand up to a hot furnace, you'd see  
the word refreshment in a new light.  
And as for refreshment, that's what  
ice-cold Coca-Cola is. No wonder  
everybody agrees that the only thing  
like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola, itself."

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY  
COCA-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY  
Seattle, Wash.

APRIL FOOL, WE FOOLED YOU!!



# SPEC... SPORTS

—By ADELAIDE FOX

## BEASLEY SAYS

Just after Pearl Harbor, an American business man in San Francisco became somewhat worried since his household servants were all Japanese. He was reasonably sure of their integrity, but he decided to summon his Jap valet and question him.

"Cato," he said, "if the Japanese were to invade San Francisco, you wouldn't stab me in the back would you?"

"Oh, no," replied the valet, "That's the gardener's job. Me set house on fire."

What is ethics? Well I will

show you. Suppose a lady comes into the store, buys a lot of goods and pays me ten dollars too much when she goes out. Then ethics comes in. Should I or should I not tell my partner?

Sandy: "Are you free this evening?"

Betty: "Well, not exactly free, but very inexpensive."

"I've stood about enough" said the humorist as they amputated his legs.

"How did you puncture that tire?"

"Ran over a milk bottle."

"Smatter? — didn't you see it?"

"Naw. The kid had it under his coat."

Confucius say: "Man who sit on live wire get amps in pants."

## S.C.'s Basketball Prospects Bright

Coach Glotz Optimistic

It is a little early in the season to make predictions, but thus far the S.C. Chieftans have shown every promise of rivalling the great teams of the past. The practice game with Duwamish A.C. played on the S.C. field last Tuesday was a breeze for the Collegians. Jerry Cruikshank hurled the first four innings, and even though under wraps looked plenty good. Bert Gleason a famous name in S.C. baseball) caught a heady game and contributed a double to the attack. Bert, of course, is the old reliable though Jerry Awe is coming along fast as second string receiver. Jerry teamed up with Tony Maurier to hold the Duwamish boys to a couple of scratch hits. Maurier, the big French Canadian picked up in the hop fields of Moxee, is a great prospect and had the opposition well in hand during the final innings. Maurier is plenty fast with lots on the ball. At the first has-sock Coach Glotz alternated Mickey Toupin and Phil Riley. Mickey showed nice foot-work about the bag and came up with a number of nice stabs of low balls. Toupin is a mighty valuable person to have around, having lots of chatter and vim, and wields a bat which speaks with authority. But Phil Riley will be right in there as soon as an early season injury mends.

The Shamrock Twins, Pat Dugan and Bernie Gaffney, continued where they left off last season. This combination makes the hard ones look easy around the keystone sack. Bernie Gaffney looks better every

time out while good old Dugan past. Dynamic Pat Bodvin is hold- ing forth at the hot corner. Little but with plenty of sock, the bleach- er birds have long wondered where Bodvin got all the power. "I watch my cats", said Pat, "and I always get my spinnach". Pat's understudy at third is reliable Don Lindeke who is showing remarkable form for early season ball. Don generally shows to best advantage when the weather warms up and the all around play of Lindeke has been a pleasant surprise. The infield is well taken care of, offensively and defensively, by the afore named players. But Coach Glotz is es- pecially proud of his gardeners. Shagger Add Fox in right field has been murdering the ball. High, low or thru the groove—it's all the same to Add. A toe-hold, a mighty swing and the opposition ducks for self protection. Defensively, Fox has thus far pocketed every thing in the right field pasture. Blond Pat Eisen holds forth at center with effortless grace. Not much of a threat with the shillelah, Pat covers the center garden like a blanket. "Eisen is a real ballplayer—a ballplayer's ballplayer", says Coach Glotz and that is a mighty fine compliment from the mona- syllabic Glotz. In left field the veteran Lee Clark has thus far out- distanced Pat Ward. Pat is the better fielder with Lee carrying a old dish. Lee is pretty much of a potent bat when standing over the fence in the gardens and it will take a good man to oust the popu- lar left fielder.

lucky man to be working with such a squad and if he doesn't deliver he will be very much on the spot. "This bunch has everything," said Glotz, "if we can't overpower the opposition we'll outsmart them. We got the brains, we got the muscle, we got the guts. We'll take 'em all!"

## Clean-up Campaign

One year ago the SPECTA- TOR was given a gleaming white office in which the soaring wings of this publication could expand and fly to even greater heights. Today that beautiful, spotless of- fice is a dingy, dark room, caused by an abundance of stale smoke. The desks and chairs are in a near state of collapse while the floor can hardly be found, for the litter with which it is clut- tered. Besides all this—strange caricatures appear here and there, supplemented by a spot of this and a spot of that.

About a month back, the editor decided upon a campaign to find his office. It seems that he has been unable to uncover it for the last quarter or so. There are some valuable pictures in his desk if he is ever able to find them— or is it the pictures?

This venture seemed a most worthy fete—but what became of it? Maybe if someone would simply straighten it up a little, it would start the ball rolling on to a cleaner, neater, more friendly and easier found Spectator.

IN THE TANK  
FORCES  
they say:

"IRON HORSES"  
for tanks

"GEAR HAPPY"  
for shifting gears too often

"THIN SKINS"  
for unarmored trucks

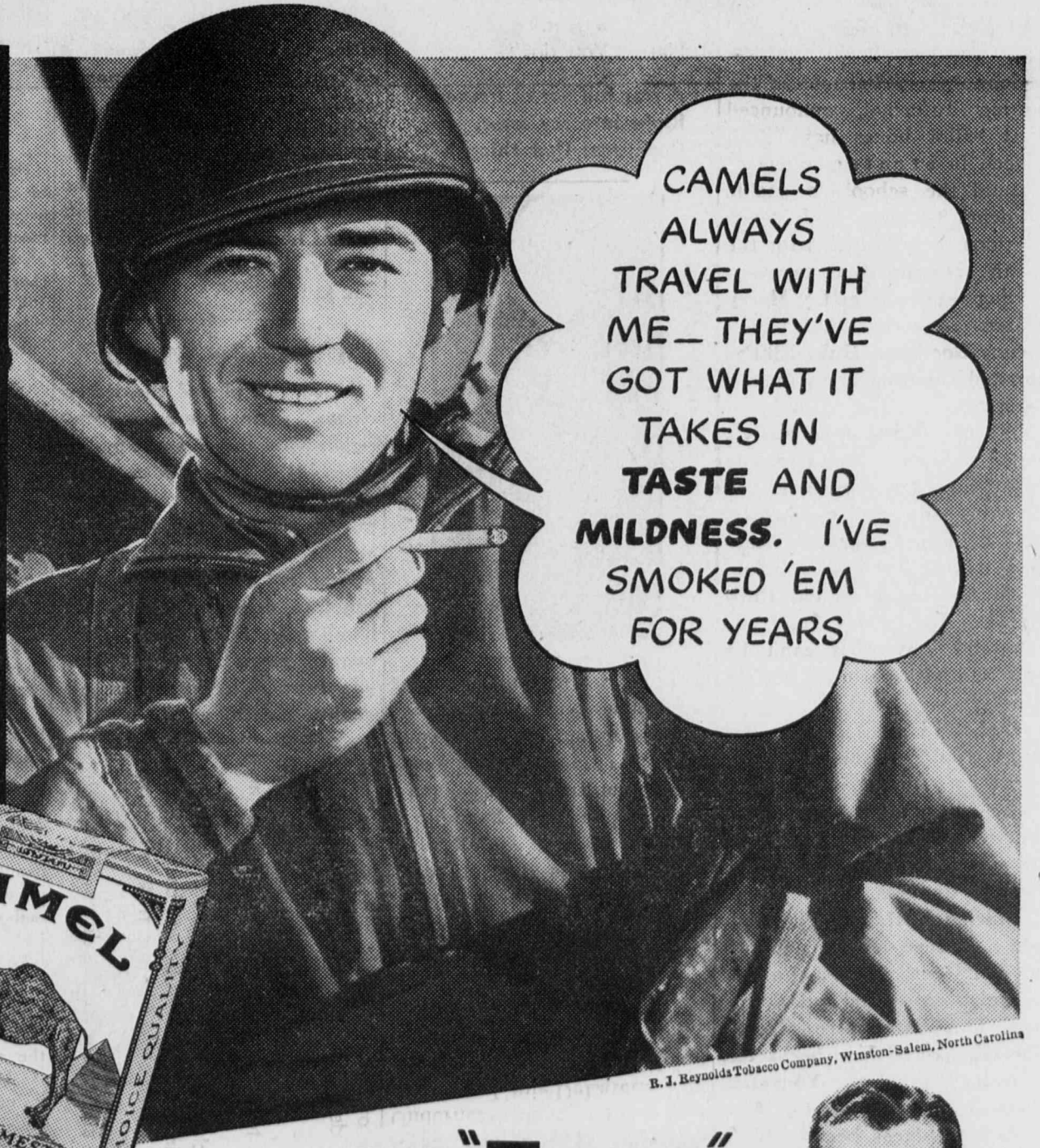
"CAMEL"  
for the service man's favorite  
cigarette

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

★ With men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.) ★



# Camel

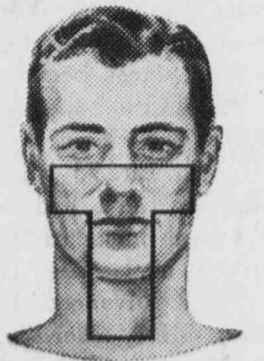


B. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

## THE "T-ZONE"

—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!





GLAMOUR PUSS O'BRIEN